

A Small Enterprise Well Kept:

COLUMBUS COURIER

Published in the Interest of Columbus and the Lower Mimbres Valley.

Vol. I.

Columbus, Luna County, New Mexico, July 21, 1911.

No. 5.

Cultivation as Essential as Irrigation in Crop Production

Dry Farming Methods Double the Duty of Water Under Irrigation

The success of those who have experimented goes to prove that the intense tillage by dry farming methods will extend the efficiency of the available water over a much larger area, and the reduced use of water will increase the yield and improve the character of the soil as well as the flavor of the product.

It has been thoroughly demonstrated in various quarters that farmers in irrigated sections can increase their yields and then profits by the use of less water and more tillage.

Much of the land in the Mimbres valley is either new or entirely raw. Raw land just brought under irrigation requires from two to five times as much water as land that has been under irrigation; as each year's irrigation adds to the supply of water store in the subsoil for use of the growing crops, and all such stored moisture that is used by the crop reduces the quantity necessary to be used in irrigating. In many cases irrigated products are large and have a fine appearance, but lack in flavor or quality, or both. These defects are caused by the excessive use of water in irrigation, and may be corrected at a profit by using dry farming methods of tillage and the least amount of water that, with these methods, will secure the largest yield.

The farmer who is just taking up the system of farming by irrigation is apt to use entirely too much water on his crops. He frequently goes on the theory that "if a little is good, more is better." Nothing could be more erroneous. Water has its virtue, and is one of the essentials in crop production, but not the only one. The chief value of water is not simply that the plant life needs a liquid nourishment, but that the water dissolves the various chemical properties of the soil, putting them in such a condition that the roots of the plant may get hold of them, sucking them in and appropriating their strengthening value to its own

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The Game of Life



You are playing the game of life. The umpire calls "play ball." The pitcher of fates doubles himself up in the box and hurls an opportunity at you. You strike for it, but miss—the opportunity passes on.

"Strike one," calls the umpire.

Again the dealer of deserts twists himself into a knot, and as he unravels the heterogeneous mass of legs, arms and body, out shoots another opportunity. But—you were too slow, and it passed by before you had time to judge it. "Strike two," calls the umpire.

Only one more chance! Make ready now! Friends are cheering. Into the "box" you go—tap the plate. Here it comes—WHACK!!! "Safe on first," calls the umpire. (HEALTH) Another player goes to the bat, and you steal "second." (WEALTH) He sends it fly over the right fielder, and you slide to third. (HAPPINESS) Now the amphitheater resounds with the chorus of many voices. It is going to be a "forced run." Another takes his turn at the stick. Will he make good? Sure! Just a little grounder, nicely placed, and you "walk in." (SUCCESS)

So goes the game of life. Some strike out in the beginning. They did not possess the elements essential to success. Some "die on first." Lacking in health. Many have a vigorous constitution, but fail to "make second." Health and a degree of wealth are essentials to happiness. These three attained, one is very apt to make a success of life.

Much depends upon the condition of the "diamond" on which you play. See the point? Is it slick? Hard to get up speed, even if you do capture the opportunity. Many men "die on first." Going against a strong head wind? A "scratch for second." Hot weather? Third, at last; but "most all in." Alas! How many never make the complete circuit—how many fail when prospects seem most flattering.

In the Mimbres valley, New Mexico, is to be found the perfect play ground of life. Here all conditions are ideal—all opportunities present. Only the players are needed. "Uncle Sam" offers you a perfect square, absolutely free, upon which to play your game of life. Columbus, the city of certainties, invites you into her midst. Here nature has outlined the "diamond of success." Nestling in the bosom of the beautiful Mimbres; enthroned in a verdant valley; the scent of fragrant gardens filling the nostrils; the bloom and blossom of countless orchards leaping into golden and purple fruitage; beneath the sunny canopy of the day, and wearing a crown that sparkles with the myriad stars of the night; her thirst quenched by the purest water America affords—she thus flings out her arms of welcome and bids all mankind come into her midst, where the game of life knows no failure.

"Uncle Sam" is Looking For More Homesteaders

He offers His Sons and Daughters Happy Homes in the Mimbres Valley

There is a general and erroneous impression abroad that all good government land in South-western New Mexico has long ago been appropriated.

We wish to correct the error, speaking more particularly regarding the government land lying in the fertile Mimbres valley, in the lower portion of which are hundreds of acres not yet acquired by settlers.

There is desert and desert. There is land so poor that it will remain practically barren under irrigation. But none of that kind is to be found in the Mimbres valley. Wherever, after the rains, the "desert" wears a thick and variegated dress of wild flowers, indications are good that under irrigation the land will be fertile all the time. One who first sees the brown bare earth in the dry season, stripped of its dress of flowers, can hardly conceive of the transformation wrought by rain; and conversely, one who sees it in bloom, can hardly believe the transformation wrought by drought. The departure of the rain is like the stroke of the midnight bell which turned Cinderella from a fairy princess back into a cinder-maid; and its coming is like a touch from the magic wand of the fairy godmother.

Not many years ago the Mimbres valley was considered good for nothing but the raising of cattle, and with the exception of the few cactus and sotol plants scattered over the plains, with here and there a patch of mesquite, it was thought nothing would grow. But time has wrought its changes and the inquisitiveness of the Yankee has opened a new chapter in the history of this section of New Mexico—for the Mimbres valley is today, becoming one of the garden spots of America. Hard it was, for the old time cattleman to give up his "range," and harder still for him to believe, requiring that almost divine faculty, imagination—to believe this barren land could be made productive. But to the new settler who responds

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